

By-Products

1911-1919

.

E. MURRAY WRONG

TO H. "V. W.

---"-----

"

Brother, we sailed the lakes together

Blue in the heart of uncut pine,

Voyaged through thunder and sunny weather

And camped where man had left no sign.

Where great St. Lawrence seeks the ocean

You and I rejoiced in our youth,

Tramped the hillside and knew our motion

One with the world's and our ways for truth.

Know you the day when we trod the mountain

Over the road to St. Fidèle,

When the air was clear as a morning fountain

And the life of the hills could never fail ?

Or loved you better our city hoary

Whose spires we know through all our years,-

We saw together the town of story,

Her peals are sounding still in our ears.

Brother, we were one flesh to the marrow,
Could meet and laugh and apart again,
And neither feared the certain arrow

Aimed by Death to sever us twain.

Yet Brother, Brother, I never told you

All the years that I knew you well,

How this heart of me did ever hold you,-

And now it is late such things to tell.

But we shall venture again unresting

Beside the river that weds the sea,

Ply on its waters and ~~then~~ go a-questing

To climb the hills that must ever be.

Though my faith may at times run coldly

Brother, hearten me once again,

That I may falter not, go on boldly,-

Brother, give me the courage of men.

By-Products

1911-1919

•

E. MURRAY WRONG

OXFORD MEN, 1915-1916

YOU knew a world unweary, green and golden,
When life was long, the fruits of it well earned,
The ages past your hearts did but embolden,
In you your fathers burned.

And when the world you knew was sudden shattered,
When honour called for all your lives could give
You gave all, now your bodies lie far scattered,
But dying, you still live.

It was your moment, England yours for taking;—
But sometimes England seems a little thing
Without you, when the blackbirds join in making
May woods vibrate with spring.

LEDBURY, MAY, 1915

THE blackbird thrills a liquid note
 Into the gathering evening; now
The plough has ceased to turn, there float
 Peace, rest, and dream from vale to brow
 Of hilltop, where the wood set deep
 Hides flowers asleep.

And this is England. Men have died
 For these rich woods, these richer fields.
A lark is bubbling song and pride,—
 Who would not fall for England? Yields
 The soil a greater gift to men
 Than they will give the soil again?

Chimneys that vomit out a blast
 Of darkening fumes to blacken skies,
Hard life and little wage. At last
 Cessation, and the man who dies—
 What gave his England him? Yet he
 Paid her the utmost fee.

In barrack-factories a dream
 Tells of another England, one
Where liberty is more than gleam,
 Where all are partners in the sun.
 Men fall not for the harvest known,
 But for the England they have sown.

THE YOUNG MAN IN MAY

GOOD morrow, May, the year's true dawn.
Now far and wide upon the lawn
The dandelion clocks have shone,
Woodpeckers all are hammering,
Upon the sward, fresh dew-bespread
The robin in great lustihead
Stalks airing wide his waistcoat red,—
His mate for dinner's clamouring.

God send to May a rightful heir!
Then, though the sages can declare
The passing year brings growing care,
We shall upset their reckoning.
For we shall live with wine and song,
Our bodies firm, our voices strong,
For youth is ours and youth is long,—
The year, the year is beckoning.

Though me the years have dubbed full man
And here and there I search and scan
If I may find my rightful Nan,
The maid of my desiring;
I wander high, I wander low
In searching all the wide world thro'
Have found her not, but yet,—Heigh-ho!
Dauntless my hopes are choiring.

ON CUMNOR HILL

WHERE Devon runs between the seas
With upland, marsh and stream,
Drownsed in a lofty western breeze
Sings, wrapped in idle dream—
There went I when the ways were sore,
When all the world was fret,
And there each day, now more and more
My feet are turning yet.

The red-sailed fishing boats that go
And come each day with dawn,
The winds that wander to and fro,
The thrush who stalks the lawn,
The road that beckons to the sea,
Swift, sudden gusts of rain—
All these have made me sudden free
All these have eased my pain.

The breeze across these inland hills
Blows keen, and I who climb
Have slaked here my more human ills,
But yet am serf to time.
O come ye forth where tides can meet
Fresh streams from out the moor,
Where heather gives a road to feet,
And hills make living pure.

Beyond the reddened westering sun
Are islands yet untrod,
Where dream and fight are quenched and won,
Where men can walk with God.
But Devon lies across the way
And we must linger still;
How graciously she wears the day!
How kindly is her hill!

TITANIA

THERE, in the field across the road,
That field starred with the marguerite,
Set round with apple-trees, my feet
Bare me each day abroad.
Thither I journeyed to my play,
'Twas there I swayed the world around
And knew I trod on fairy ground
'Twas there I met Titania.

Heigh, arise, my Mustard-seed,
The sun is high.
Call Peaseblossom and Cobweb, plead
That they draw nigh.
And let light-footed Moth come too,—
He hardly stirs the dew.

I came within the field to-day,
But now it had far smaller grown,
Though still the marguerites were strown
And grasses bowed in play.
I called you, but you answered not,
I laid me down to dream of you,
My dreams, sweet, with your fairy crew
And with your April eyes were shot.

I sat within the fairy-ring,
I made myself a daisy crown
And saw May month in her new gown,
Dance, curtsy, sway and sing.
Sheep under apple-trees so green
Waited a sign from fairy queen.

She comes not—but I know the field
Has quickened underneath her late,
Else why could birds go sing and mate,
How daisies give their yield?
And some time while I sit in play,
Across the field of fairy gold
Will glide the magic queen of old
With all her fairies in array.

TO A FRIEND TRAVELLING

FOR you the golden river, for you the trodden road,
The little wayside inn for you, the path across the field,
And you will seek the happy isles where the blue sea is
broad,
And you will see the hedgerows, and the hillside's
mellowing yield.

But I will go a-wandering where no road shows the way,
Where peat lakes and blue lakes shine through the wilds
around,
Where paths are rough and silent, where our hostel is
the day,
For I am for the pine-woods and a bed upon the
ground.

O you will hear strange stories at homely inns, maybe
And you will see about you the print of many years,
And I would gladly join you—but the fever comes to me
And the song of the pine forest is ringing in my ears.

As you pass up the vineyards, as you come through the
corn
I shall have crossed the silent lake beneath a westering
day.

As you awake at cockcrow and hear the sounds of morn
I shall have built my fire when still the skies are grey.

BARREL-ORGAN

NOT where the winds were blowing,
Not where the rivers ran,
Were these his servants going
To join the troops of Pan;
Not where the grasses dancing
Make dance the wavering feet,—
These Bacchanals are glancing
And twirling in the street.

The lamp-posts, tall and stately
Are trees within a glen,
And houses built sedately
Stretch mountain-like again.
The organ stirs Apollo,
There sings the heart of you,
It's "Follow, follow, follow"—
And all its notes are true.

AUTUMN

BESIDE the stream that cleaves the wood
I met her, and the beams of day
Shone through her hair, an aureole stood
About her head, the crimsoning May.

Now all the autumn storms have burst,
The earth has gathered leaves and her,
I pause beside the stream, I thirst,
And with her life the branches stir.

THE MONARCH

I MADE a crown to fit my head
From daisies, grass and other things.
I climbed a hillock daisy-spread
That I might sit among the kings.

Sovereign of all the meadow land,
Of bees and crickets, grass and kine,
What king can rule with equal hand?
What emperor has throne like mine?

ANY YOUNG MAN, 1916

"And he arose and did eat and drink and went in the strength
of that meat forty days and forty nights."

IF I shall walk the path my friends have trodden,
Unknown and short, by sea or foreign clay
Where Flanders earth with sullen water sodden
Has grown the noblest harvest of our day;

Or if my way be known, my road be longer,
Through the high arch of years, no stage unguessed,
Till I come near the house where sleep is stronger
Than passion for a still unended quest;—

Aye, for both roads, or death or life lived cleanly
One food shall keep me strong, unwearied, fleet,
Through grime and press of days I walk serenely
Because my wallet holds the angels' meat.

Not English lanes, not summer hues in riot,
Not blackbird's evening whistle from the tree,
Not the tall hills where sounds are joined in quiet,
Not the salt sting of wind across the sea.

But that the company of youth and laughter
Who did what tasks were sent, gave all they were,
Know me as one now and forever after,—
Their partner I, in all their deeds I share.

